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THE J. E. JONES LETTER

THE NEW PRESIDENT

A Nation stunned by the death of President Warren G. Harding early roused itself to ask, "what kind of a man is Coolidge?" The answer was satisfying in one respect, because everyone who knew agreed that "he's safe." As the Capital has taken his measurements in these days there has been general consent that President Coolidge may develop remarkable leadership in the great office to which he has been called. He is as much unlike former President Harding as Roosevelt was unlike McKinley. McKinley and Harding were lovable men who drew the people to them by the charm of their personalities. Roosevelt was a different type. Coolidge is apparently in another class by himself. In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts he was a leader in the legislature and as Governor he was a tremendous success. During his more than two years residence in Washington as Vice President he never gave the public a single thrill. But that is nothing against him. He is of the type of whom it might be said, "Yes, he has no enthusiasm today."

The last time I remember seeing him before he became President he was visiting the Lincoln Memorial. He was alone. As he walked down the steps there was something impressive and deliberate in his manner and I recall that I "sized him up" in my own mind and compared the wiry, sober figure with Lincoln himself. Calvin Coolidge is a sad-faced gentleman, but you know by looking at him that he possesses tremendous force of character.

Fifteen years ago I stood in a window in the office of the Adams House in Boston with Mr. Coolidge. He was an inconspicuous member of the lower body of the legislature, and I was unimportant, too. It was a chance meeting of acquaintances, and among the trivialities we talked about at the time was the crowd of passers-by—the great throngs returning at eventide to their homes. He remarked: "I always wonder as I stand here how all these people make a living." The serious-minded New Englander was wondering then about the problems of humanity, and I have no doubt he has spent a large part of his life continuing to wonder how he could make it easier for the masses to make a living. Undoubtedly he has carried his share of the burdens of humanity about on his shoulders. He impresses one that way.

The old Yankee stock of New England furnishes a distinct kind of man, hard, firm, and a little bit of a humorist. It would be hard to find a more typical New Englander than President Coolidge. He is one of the few men who have ever wanted to be the President of the United States. Others may have claimed the distinction but I am sure he will prove to be the greatest "human sponge"—listening to all, and drawing his own conclusions from the advice he receives.

President Coolidge never sought the spotlight, and none of his acts indicate that he ever cared much about being loved, or even liked, as was the case with Warren G. Harding. An Governor of Massachusetts he had serious problems to meet and there was no time to be taken in taking full responsibility for the state. His own father says, "I think he'll do fairly well. He did fairly well as Governor and I guess he'll do fairly well as President." Father Coolidge evidently possesses all the New England calm, and apparently he does not look for spectacular results. Mr. Coolidge has a few warm personal friends, but there is no surplus of them. These friends expect him to exceed his father's estimate.

There are, right now, big events in the President's calendar and the success or failure of his administration may already be in the balance. No matter what happens the New England Yankee may be depended upon to show strength of character and plenty of determination. He is likely to be a "cool" President.

Whether he will accommodate himself to the new political tendency that has made Congress "progressive" is another matter about which there is plenty of doubt. The New England temperament is apt to yield slowly to new propensities, but there is in these New Englanders a passion for justice, for law, and for square dealing. It is possible that the new political activity will run so fast that he will be unable to keep up with them.

The American people will have to get acquainted with the new President. Perhaps he knows them better than they know him. At present the country feels that the new leader is safe and sane.

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HEADQUARTERS COMPANY AT CAMP DEVENS

The Local Members of Maine National Guard Have Busy Time

The company entrained Saturday morning, July 21, for a 15 day tour of duty at Camp Devens. Leaving the Armory at 8 A. M., the company marched to the station and entrained for Devens. On reaching Danville Junction we changed to the troop train on the M. C. R. R. and from there proceeded to Devens via Portland. Arriving at camp about 6 P. M. On reaching camp we found that Headquarters Company were to be in barracks by themselves and have their own mess, and we were able to take up the usual course on the range.

Our first day was taken up for organization. Monday the Regiment went for target practice on the range and would have made a fine showing but Governor Baxter arrived in camp and of course we wished to do him honor, thus our program was broken up and we were unable to take up the usual course on the range.

Headquarters Companies are specialty companies, covering Scouts and Observers, Messengers, Motorcycle Riders, Telephone Operators, Wireless Operators, Visual Signaling and many other branches, and during camp the men took up these different branches at the tented school, where they are instructed in their line.

Entertainment was provided at Liberty Theatre by moving pictures and vaudeville, and the shows were one hundred per cent better than the previous year.

In spite of the fact that the program for the two weeks was broken the tour of duty was as a whole much better than in past years.

On Monday evening, July 30, at eight o'clock a banquet was given to all non-commissioned officers by Colonel Harry M. Bigelow. The following menu was served:

Roast Stuffed Chicken	Brown Gravy
Cranberry Sauce	Pickles
Olives	Mashed Potatoes
Pickled Beets	Green Peas
Parker House Rolls	Fruit Pudding with Moline Sauce
Ice Cream a la Mode	Nuts

After the dinner was over an entertainment was by members from different companies, consisting of songs, dances, and banjo solos, followed by short speeches from the honored guests. Music was furnished by the Regimental Band. This being the first banquet of its kind proved to be a great success. When members of the Headquarters Company returned to their barracks to go to bed the cot was all mangled, and after looking around all of them had been taken upstairs. Each one took the first cot he came to, for there were no lights up there to see by, but the next morning all of this only made more work for the little "back porch," who had to carry the cots all down and clean up what they had done the night before to make do.

On Thursday we had a hard battle, which took place beyond the base hospital area, beginning at eight o'clock A. M. and continuing until nearly three P. M. The shot was about 99.99 degrees hot, but we took hit 103 with much loss of life (if) and ammunition (blank). Upon the return to camp it was necessary to bottle and clean up for a review for Gen. Brewster, Commanding General of Northeastern Division.

On Friday morning of Aug. 3 we all rolled out of our cots at 5 o'clock, day light time. At 5:50 we had breakfast for this we emptied the straw out of our cots, rolled our packs, then we all went out and picked up around the barracks. At 7:50 A. M. the call to fall in. After all companies were to hand, with the band leading, we marched down where we took the train for Lewiston. The train pulled out at 8 A. M. After having some trouble with the engine we arrived at Portland at 1:30 P. M. where we stayed for one-half hour, leaving for Lewiston, and arriving at the fair grounds in Lewiston at 6:30. Here we were greeted by a large crowd after marching on to ground where we pitched our tent. Mess at 7:30. The remainder of the evening was spent in different ways. Saturday morning all rolled out at 8 A. M. at 8:30. After mess we all participated in the military drill. "We Have No Business," camp at 10:30. Ask Corp. Forbes to give his version.

Prof. Heath was so interested in a place to sleep after arriving in camp that he lost his "cotton."

CARVER'S STORE ENTERED BY BURGLARS

I. L. Carver's store was broken into sometime during Tuesday night. Entrance was gained by prying open the back door with tools secured from the shop of Frank R. Bartlett which the burglars had also entered. The cash register, safe and some of the drawers in the store were ransacked and some money and jewelry taken. No clue has as yet been found of the guilty party.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Achenbach, Pastor
Thursday, Aug. 16, 7:30:
Annual Sale in Garland Memorial Chapel, under auspices of the Ladies' Club.

Sunday, Aug. 19.
10:15. Worship conducted by the pastor. Subject of sermon, "The People of the Kingdom in a Disturbed World." Matthew 5:9.

12:00. Church School.
7:30. Worship conducted by the pastor, the Methodist Episcopal people joining in a union meeting. All are invited to all services.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. Fred Atkins Moore will preach at this church next Sunday, on the subject, "Why Worry?" This will be Mr. Moore's last Sunday here.

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

Rev. Ernest Weals, Pastor
10:30 Morning Worship. Sermon, "The Model Prayer."
11:55 Church School. Chester Wheeler, Superintendent.

7:30 Evening Worship. Sermon, "The Parable of the Talents." Everyone is cordially invited to these services. Special music.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Spring Street
Sunday School at 10:30 A. M.
Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

UPTON UNION CHURCH

H. C. Brokenbush, Minister
Morning service at 11:00 o'clock.
Sunday School at 12 noon.
Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.
This evening service is given over to a time of song and prayer with short informal talk by the minister.

HITS ON THE COMPANY MEMBERS

Oh, Hank, how would you be as expert as to rub dogs killed and checked by the Sgt. Major?

Oh, L. C., don't let that cheese knife trip you while pulling off a review, it looks awkward.

For Sgt. R. thinks it best to have his handing used to his cot.

Pvt. Rowan has a fifty mind and likes to sleep in high altitude. He catches his cot to the ceiling.

Sgt. Mag. V. likes to powder for his teeth, also for a month wash.

Corp. Berry missed his family so he came home after two days of escape without.

Sgt. Davis was afraid of getting lost so he kept his glasses with him all the time.

Armstrong is so short legged he had to buy a fifty ear to keep up with his company.

L. T. as a greaser clerk makes a good master for guards, also a good sampler.

Sgt. Hook—When he found out that we were going to have an all day battle he was taken very ill and was confined to his room.

We understand that Pvt. Bennett was in a very strong position of character and was awarded for merit and honor.

Miss Editha knew what the "What" was because of the lay-out points?

LOOKER'S MILLS

When Rand was operated on at the C. M. O. Hospital, Tuesday.
Waldo Thompson of Lynn, Mass. is a guest of friends the week end.
Alice Bradford of Dexter visited the week end with her cousin, Mrs. Owen Davis.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. A. C. Frost of South Paris was in town, Sunday.

Mr. James Day is the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. H. Thurston.

Mrs. Irving Kimball is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Tibbitts.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Russell and family were in Norway, recently.

Mrs. Bertha Woodrow is visiting relatives in Colebrook, N. H.

Dr. L. H. Wight and family are camping for a few days at Locke's Mills.

Mr. A. M. Chase of Bryant's Pond was a business visitor in town, Monday.

Mr. Joseph Clark of Readville, Mass., spent the week end at W. F. Clark's.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Vail are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Mr. R. H. Cole of Milan, N. H., is visiting at the home of Mr. T. B. Burk.

Mr. Holden and three sisters are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Thurston.

Mr. C. L. Mills and family were at Farmington, Sunday, the guests of relatives.

Mr. Charles Brown of Los Angeles, Calif., called on friends in town last week.

Mrs. H. C. Rowe was in Portland, Tuesday, to see her sister, Miss Cleo Russell.

Mr. George Bennett of Norway was calling upon old friends in Bethel, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wight and Mr. and Mrs. Holt of Hanover were in town, Monday.

Mrs. L. W. Russell was called to Norway, Monday, by the serious illness of a niece.

Mrs. Hiram Wiles of Norway visited her sister, Mrs. Wm. Lowe, the first of the week.

Mrs. Addie K. Mason has completed her duties at E. P. Brown's and returned to her home.

Miss Libbie Lyman Goodridge of West Bethel was the guest of Miss Ruth Brown, Tuesday.

Mrs. Harrie White of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lowe.

Mr. Wendell Clark of Auburn is this week's guest of his aunt, Mrs. Norman Barnard, and family.

The W. R. C. held a memorial service at their meeting Thursday evening for the late President.

Mr. Fred Robertson has returned to Rochester, N. Y., after spending a week with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolbert Withers and daughter of South Paris were Sunday callers at Mr. Fred Clark's.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin of Berlin, N. H., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Barnard.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Jordan of Mechanic Falls were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jordan, Sunday.

Miss Thelma Holt of South Paris was the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holt, Sunday.

Miss Esther Tyler has completed the summer course at Bates College and returned to her home in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatchinson and daughter, Barbara, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Morgan.

Miss Alice Kimball of Bethel is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kimball, for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Weed and family of Dover-Foxcroft are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter McKenney for the week.

Mr. N. E. Richardson left Saturday for Aberdeen, Maryland, where he has employment in a corn cannery factory.

Miss Alice Barnes and Miss Mildred Melons were dinner guests of Miss Adelaide Russell at "Camp Samson," Wednesday.

A FAMILY REUNION

An unusual gathering of all members of one family was the occasion on Sunday, Aug. 12th, of the celebration of the 85th birthday anniversary of Mrs. Angella Mason Clark, a representative of one of Bethel's oldest families.

There were present at the anniversary dinner, besides an older sister, Mrs. Mary Mason McNab, the four children of Mrs. Clark and every member of each family as follows: Irving Mason Clark; Edmund Clark, his wife, Mary Field Clark and children, Elsie Stuart Clark, Adele Field Clark; Rosecoe Conkling Clark, his wife Lillian Kimball Clark and children Hugh Mason Clark, Wendell Kimball Clark; Ruby Clark Eldredge, her husband William F. Eldredge and children, Angella Mason Eldredge, Arthur Simeon Eldredge.

It is of interest to those who enjoy looking up the early history of Bethel and the history of the original settlers, to know that Mrs. Clark is one of the few descendants now living in Bethel of one of the early pioneers.

Moses Mason came to the town with his family in 1769 from Dublin, N. H., and his descendants were, for over a century, prominently identified with the town's affairs along with the Twitchells, Chapmans and others of the early settlers.

The original homestead was erected in 1803 on the farm just north of the covered bridge over the Androscoggin river and remains practically as it was built nearly a century and a quarter ago. There Mrs. Clark was born, a granddaughter of the pioneer, Moses Mason.

A son of the pioneer, also named Moses, lived on Bethel Hill and represented the district in Congress during the presidency of Andrew Jackson. A grandson of the pioneer, also named Moses, was the last representative of the family to own the home place in Mayville. The last named Moses died in 1904 and was an older brother of Angella Mason Clark.

The pioneer Moses was a veteran of the Revolutionary War. He was a soldier under General Stark at the Battle of Bennington and there is now in the possession of the family the musket he used in that battle and a powder horn he picked up on that battlefield once the property of a British soldier.

CHAPMAN'S ENTERTAIN

The picnic given the societies of the various churches by Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Chapman at their beautiful home in Shelburne, N. H., last Wednesday was well attended, about seventy-five being present.

At noon a picnic lunch was served in the summer house, the hostess serving coffee, ice cream and punch. Following the lunch a short memorial service was held for the late President. A tour of the home and grounds was then had and the party broke up with the realization that Prof. and Mrs. Chapman had given them a very enjoyable time.

The Misses Kate and Julia Lydon of Portland are spending their vacation at their brother's home on Vernon Street.

Mr. Orey Wiles of Norway, who is employed by Longley & Son, plumbers, got set to in at the hospital, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hloyd E. Lorton and daughter, Barbara, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morrill at Mason, Sunday.

Mr. Wm. MacKay has returned from Prince Edward Island, where he has been visiting relatives the past two weeks.

Mrs. Patch and daughter, Vera, and Mrs. Mann and daughter, Elizabeth, of Winthrop are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark.

Mr. Woolbury Tibbitts has returned to Palermo, Maine, after spending several weeks with his son, Dr. R. R. Tibbitts, and family.

Mrs. Beale Beale returned to Portland, Monday, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. O. R. Stanley, who will remain for a visit.

Master Arthur and Miss Eleanor Cammings of Rumford have been recent guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark.

Mrs. Herman Robertson and children have returned from Massachusetts, where they have been visiting relatives the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clark and daughter, Alice, and Mrs. Eugene Macmillan and son, Donald of Lynn, Mass., are guests of relatives in town.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

In common with other places, and of Gosham, N. H., were in the place President Coolidge, Bethel observed the day of mourning and prayer on Friday, the day when the remains of President Harding were taken to their last resting place in his home town of Marion, Ohio.

All of the stores and most of the places of business were closed, some all day and others for half a day.

A public memorial service was held in the Congregational Church at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a good number of men and women. A draped portrait of President Harding stood in front of the altar surrounded by beautiful floral offerings.

Services were conducted by Rev. S. T. Achenbach and President Harding's favorite hymns were rendered by the congregation with Mrs. Russell at the piano.

MRS. OSCAR F. SWAN

Mrs. Nancy Anna (Knight), wife of Oscar F. Swan, died Thursday morning at her home in South Paris, from pneumonia, complicated with Bright's disease, with which she had been afflicted for some months. Her age was 57 years.

The Swan family came from Greenwood to South Paris about thirteen years ago, and Mr. Swan has been in the employ of the Paris Manufacturing Co. A few years since they purchased the home of the late Jacob Nichols on High Street, which has since been their home.

Mrs. Swan is survived by her husband and three children, Mrs. Annie Bryant of Bryant's Pond, and Miss Hazel Swan and Mrs. Gladys Roberge, who make their home with their parents. She is also survived by three sisters, Mrs. Elmer Dyke of Hanover, Mrs. Ida Blake of Bethel, and Mrs. Ida Powers of South Paris; and four brothers, Frank Knight of Bethel, William of Bethel, George of East Bethel, and Charles of Norway.

Mrs. Swan had always been a hard working woman, and devoted to her family. She was a member of the South Paris Congregational Church.

The funeral was held at the Congregational Church Saturday afternoon, and was attended by Rev. C. O. Miller, assisted by Rev. J. L. Wilson. Burial was in Riverside Cemetery Annex.

—Oxford Democrat.

LIBRARY BENEFIT

Mrs. Morrill Hamlin will speak for the benefit of Bethel Library Association at the Universalist Church on Tuesday evening, Aug. 21st, at eight o'clock, on the conditions in devastated France as she saw them in her tour through that region last April. She will also touch upon the political conditions and the temper of the French people regarding the occupation of the Ruhr.

During the last fourteen years Mrs. Hamlin has been giving lecture courses not only in New England but in New York, the Middle West and California, and has won an enviable reputation as a brilliant and forceful speaker and has a wide and distinguished following.

She is the daughter of the Hon. L. M. Morrill, former Governor of Maine, and for many years United States Senator from this State, and also Secretary of the Treasury in President Grant's cabinet. Her close contact with the political and diplomatic life of the National Capital, with the training of mind that such a life must necessarily give, enables her to bring to her subjects a breadth of vision and an intimate knowledge of men and affairs. She adds to these a faculty for clear analysis and keen logic. All of which make her as unusual as she is interesting.

Much of personal charm, the advantage of extensive travel both in this country and in Europe, a quick trained perception, comprehensive sympathies and a delightful sense of humor make her point of view and her presentation of it always stimulating and of interest.

Mrs. Hamlin has been so kind as to express much interest in our library. It is because of that interest that she has graciously consented to break in upon the rest for which she came to Bethel and speak for us. It is confidently hoped that her courtesy, and the opportunity it affords, will meet with full appreciation.

The Pythian Sisters will give an old fashioned lawn dance Friday evening, Aug. 17, at Jordan's at West Bethel. Admission 25 cents. Good music.

Mr. Charles Cross and daughter, Bertha, and Mr. and Mrs. True Bates and son, Othard, were in Gosham, Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hattie Coolidge.

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CANTON

Impressive memorial services for the late President were held at the Opera House, Canton, on Friday afternoon, the seating capacity of the hall being filled. Hon. John P. Swasey presided and the following program was carried out: Prayer, Rev. F. M. Lamb; Hymn, Scripture reading, Dorothy Morse; vocal solo, Rev. F. M. Lamb; addresses by Col. Philo Hersey of San Jose, Calif., for the U. S. A., Supt. W. L. Chase for the schools, Rev. M. L. Hadley for the town, Rev. Edgar Wolfe of Lewiston for the State, and Hon. J. P. Swasey for the nation; benediction. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, ferns and golden rods. Places of guests were closed during the services.

Mrs. S. T. Hayden has returned from the hospital at Brookline, Mass., much benefited by her treatment there. Her friend, Miss Belle Peters of Quincy, Mass., returned with her for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned M. Russell of Boston are guests of his father, A. F. Russell, and family.

Ellie Sampson and family have moved from Fayette to the Wright house on Spring Street.

George Rose and family are visiting relatives in Waltham, Mass.

Miss May Alley of Boston has been spending her vacation with her father, A. H. Alley, and brother C. S. Alley and family.

Frank C. Bartlett and wife of Long Island, N. Y., have been guests of his brother, Fred C. Bartlett, and family. They made the trip by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lottie Littlefield and son, Leslie, Jr., of Lynn, Mass., have been guests of her cousin, Mrs. Ezra Chamberlain and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Lane and little son, who have been living in Casper, Wyoming, for the past few years, have started by auto on their trip to Maine, where they plan to locate. They expect to arrive the last of August or the first days of September.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Childs of Lewiston, Mrs. Bernice Stanley and daughter, Virginia, of Taunton, Mass., and cousin, Miss Fletcher, of Manchester, N. H., have been calling on relatives and friends in Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Patterson of E. Orange, N. J., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ray. They were former residents of Canton, Mr. Patterson being employed as bookkeeper for the L. W. Smith Company.

Miss Nina Russell has resigned her position at Natick, Mass., and has gone to Portland for a couple of months.

Her niece, Miss Doris Russell, went with her and submitted to an operation upon her throat.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Rowe of Auburn have been guests of Mrs. Anna H. Dalley and family and calling on old friends in Canton, where they were former residents.

Edwin K. Hollis is confined to his home by illness.

The local tannery plant has shut down for repairs and improvements.

G. K. Johnson and David Ladd are at Rangeley for a few days, where they are preparing to erect a "silo" cottage on a lot purchased last fall by Mr. Johnson, Geo. Nevins, Arthur Stevens and J. M. Johnson of Auburn.

Mrs. Ella Nickerson of North Jay has been a guest of her brother, M. A. Waite, and wife.

Miss Josephine McQuire is at Saint Mary's Hospital in Lewiston, where she submitted to an operation for appendicitis. Her mother, Mrs. Pearl McQuire is at Lewiston to be near her.

The ball game at Canton, Saturday, between the Canton's and Turner's was won by the home team. Score 9 to 2. Marco Lavorgna of Rumford spent the week end at his home in town.

Harry W. Poor, who is employed at Pinewood Camp has been ill and went to his home in Andover last week to recuperate.

Mrs. Mary Foster has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Evelyn Dunn, for a few days and attended the memorial service Friday. Mr. Foster is 82 years old.

A fine likeness of the late O. M. Richardson, executed by his sister, Miss Mary N. Richardson, has recently been hung in the living-room of the main bungalow at Pinewood Camp.

Dr. Neil K. Forhan and family of New Haven, Conn., are spending a month with his father, John K. Forhan.

Miss Ethel Russell has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Oscar Dyke, of Hanover and Mrs. Albion Field, of Rumford.

Mrs. Ada Murch of Dixfield has been a guest of her niece, Mrs. Mary Butterfield, and family.

Capt. Robert B. Miller will give a demonstration of swimming, life-saving methods and the Schaefer or prone pressure method of resuscitation at Lake Anasagunticook, Canton, next Saturday, under the auspices of the Canton Red Cross Branch. All are invited and as many as possible are urged to be prepared to go into the water with him. The first demonstration will be on the arrival of the morning train from Lewiston.

Miss Clara E. Rosebrook of Portland is a guest of Mrs. Lillian Bicknell and other friends.

is a guest of Mrs. Lillian Bicknell and other friends.

Mrs. Phillura Strout has been visiting relatives in Livermore.

Another merry masquerade party was held at Pinewood Camp, Wednesday evening, a large number participating in the fun. The season is at its height, nearly one hundred guests being entertained at Pinewood and the camps at Pinewood are filled.

Mrs. Winnie Webb of the Point is very ill and a nurse from Rumford is in attendance.

Carl Small went to the Deaconess Hospital, Brookline, Mass., Saturday, for treatment.

Mrs. Horace L. Worden and three children have been guests of her sister, Mrs. A. H. Stevens, at Damariscotta.

Sherman Roberts, who has been visiting his grandparents for two weeks, returned to his home in Richmond, Monday.

ANDOVER

Harry Poor, chef at the Pinewood Camps, Canton, was in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Thurston and daughter from Scottsdale, Pa., who are spending the month of August with their mother, Mrs. Alice Thurston, left Saturday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hanson and daughter, for Azalea Lake, where they spent a few days with their aunt, Mrs. Pearl Flint, and family at Rosebuck Camp.

Memorial services for the late President were held in the Congregational church Friday afternoon. The program included an address and prayer by Rev. John W. Suter, Sr., and appropriate music by the choir.

Mrs. Frank Morn of Hartford, Conn., and Mrs. John Millidge and family visited their sister, Mrs. Charles Roberts, Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Clark is substituting in the public library during the absence of Miss Annie Akers.

Miss Florence Akers is visiting Mrs. Erlon Merrill at Weston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith of Rumford were visiting friends in town last week.

While Mr. and Mrs. Irving Akers were returning from Bridgton, Sunday evening, near Hanover they were run into by another automobile. Mrs. Akers was thrown against the windshield cutting her face severely. Both autos were damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Crossman are visiting friends in Lawrence, Mass.

Lone Mt. Grange held its regular meeting Thursday evening in the hall. Mrs. May Robinson of Peru was a guest and spoke interestingly on the work of the order. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Ray Thurston and Sylvanus DeLong and daughter, Hazel, returned from a motor trip to Canada.

The King's Daughters held their annual sale in the town hall Thursday evening.

Lester Thurston has returned to his business at Harrisburg, Pa. Mrs. Thurston and son will remain during August, the guest of his people, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Thurston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Melcher of Rumford are at their camp at Richardson Pond this week.

Ray Thurston has a crew of men cutting hay for Mrs. Alice Thurston this week.

Mrs. Dolly Elliot is having a house built on Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Learned and daughter, Flora, Miss Florence Kimball from Rumford and Miss Louise Akers of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Learned, Sunday.

Services were held at the Congregational church, Sunday morning where there was a good attendance. Rev. John W. Suter, Sr., gave the scripture reading and prayer. A fine sermon by Rev. John W. Suter, Jr., followed that was much enjoyed.

Miss Annie Akers is visiting her brother, S. B. Akers, at Woodlands, Maine.

Mrs. Emma Adams passed away suddenly Wednesday morning, Aug. 8, at the Milton Home, where she had been a guest for several weeks. Mrs. Adams was about 70 years of age and had been in ill health for several months. She is survived by two sons, Richard and Robert Adams of California, and a daughter, Mrs. David Sturgis, of Orono, Maine, all of whom had visited her during August. Mrs. Adams leaves many friends in Andover where she has spent most of her summers. Funeral services were held in the Congregational church, Friday forenoon attended by Rev. John W. Suter, Jr. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers. Interment was in Woodlawn cemetery. Those attending from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. David Sturgis of Orono, Mr. and Mrs. Tom French and daughter, Minerva, from Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Marston and children were guests of Stephen Marston and family, Sunday.

NORTH NEWAY
P. O. Brooks and family of Bethel were in town, Saturday.

H. H. Hanson and Fred Kigore are cutting the hay on the Burns farm.

G. F. Saunders and family of Hallowell were in town, Saturday.

er and L. A. Brooks and family of So. Paris and Miss Shirley Brooks were callers at L. E. Wight's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wight attended Pomona Grange at Harrison, Tuesday.

M. A. Kilgore of Exeter, N. H., James Melloy of Rhode Island and Roland Jewett were callers at L. E. Wight's, Monday.

About 75 attended the Grange meeting Saturday night.

Moses Davis is back on the stage again.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY
When addressing the Senate of the State of New Jersey in 1891, Lincoln said, "May I be pardoned if, on this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, I got hold of a small book, 'Weems' Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battlefields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contests with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves in my mind more than any single Revolutionary event. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made."

Freedom in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness was the "something" which Lincoln referred to in these lines. What do the political parties and advocates of government ownership and increased regulation of private and industrial activity promise the people that would equal, or in any way compare with the ideals which Washington and Lincoln struggled to maintain? Think it over.

MARSHALL DISTRICT
Miss Irene Briggs was at Norway one day last week on business.

Mr. Lucian McAllister and family of Bethel were callers at O. W. Briggs' last Sunday.

George Briggs and daughter, Irene, were at South Paris, Sunday, calling on relatives.

George Briggs is helping Will McAllister get his hay.

Mr. Roscoe Hill of South Paris was a recent guest at Mrs. Flora McAllister's.

Clayton Penley is working at Charles Conner's.

Miss Irene Briggs called on Mrs. O. H. Saunders and Mrs. C. H. McAllister, Tuesday.

RUMFORD POINT
E. R. Butler and wife went to Whitefield, N. H., on a visit.

Miss M. O. Card of Dorchester, Mass., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Phany Ham of Norway is a guest of Mrs. Hayes.

HONEST
"Decent, honorable—characterized by integrity and straightforwardness of conduct"—Webster's Dictionary.

If you want to read an honest paper read the

BOSTON GLOBE
Daily and Sunday
The Globe's Editorial Page—READ IT TODAY.

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We are now prepared to furnish

BIRD'S AMERICAN FOURS
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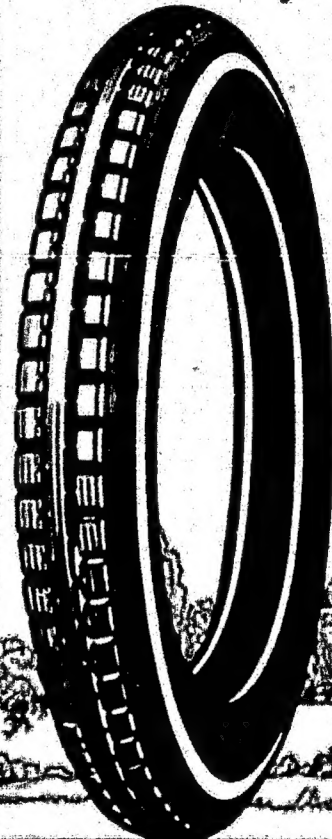
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Made in all sizes 30 x 3 1/2 and up.

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Come in and get full details.

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AUG. 22
OF COURSE YOU WILL GO
Norway's Dollar Day
OUR STORE WILL GO THE LIMIT ON PRICES
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MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS

Price looks low but you will find them real values.

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Any of these suits you will be proud to wear. There is a large variety to choose from.

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Grouped at these two prices you will find suits made by such reliable makers as

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These prices for this day only mean savings for you from \$8 to \$11.50.

Special Prices on Boys' Suits, Sweaters, Overcoats, savings for you for this day only on Men's Mackinaws, Sweaters, Overcoats, Shirts, Hosiery and Summer and Winter Underwear.

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FOR SALE
Cedar Posts and Stakes
INQUIRE OF
BARTLETT BROS., Bethel, Me.

GIFT OF THE DESERT

by
RANDALL PARRISH

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—On the isolated Menger ranch, on the southern border, Deborah, formerly a trained nurse, is in attendance on Mrs. Menger, who has been recently killed, victim of a robbery. Immediately after the death, Bob Menger, Mrs. Menger's son, arrives and takes possession of the ranch. Deborah and she resolve to leave, but there seems no possibility of her getting away alone.

CHAPTER II.—Menger, gloating over Deborah's plight, telling her he has sent for a hunter to bring a peace, who will marry her tomorrow. Horrified the girl secures a revolver.

CHAPTER III.—The Justice, Cornell, is called to the scene. He finds the "Prisco Kid," a notorious desperado. The girl looks herself up.

CHAPTER IV.—Forced by Bob, Mrs. Menger's daughter, to leave the ranch, Deborah, with a party, arrives at the Justice's home. She escapes and reaches her room.

CHAPTER V.—Menger seeks the girl, but she stands him with the revolver and refuses to be taken. He tries to secure a horse and escape, but she is too quick for him. She escapes and reaches her room.

CHAPTER VI.—The Justice, Cornell, is called to the scene. He finds the "Prisco Kid," a notorious desperado. The girl looks herself up.

CHAPTER VII.—Alone with Kellen, the girl becomes somewhat apprehensive. She is told that she is a prisoner in the regular army. Deborah had been there, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Kellen explains that the "Prisco Kid" is a manufacturer of dynamite. He is a captain in the regular army. Deborah had been there, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER IX.—While the girl is sleeping, Kellen disappears. She is told that she is a prisoner in the regular army. Deborah had been there, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER X.—Deborah's captor explains that he is a prisoner in the regular army. She is told that she is a prisoner in the regular army. Deborah had been there, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER XI.—While resting, after a terrible experience, Deborah overheard a conversation between Menger and Kellen, apparently a violent one. She is told that she is a prisoner in the regular army. Deborah had been there, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER XII.—Kellen explains the girl's position. She is told that she is a prisoner in the regular army. Deborah had been there, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER XIII.—A short distance from the ranch, Deborah is met by the Justice, Cornell. She is told that she is a prisoner in the regular army. Deborah had been there, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Justice, Cornell, is called to the scene. He finds the "Prisco Kid," a notorious desperado. The girl looks herself up.

CHAPTER XV.—The Light Goes Out. Kellen waited in an agony of suspense, his thought with the missing girl, rather than on his own peril, or the nearness of those men groping blindly toward him in the darkness.

That they were surprised, startled at not being greeted by Gomez was plainly evidenced from the first gruff utterance reaching his ears.

"Where the hell is the fellow?" Menger exclaimed angrily. "I told you I called him from up above and got no answer. Now, by G—d! he isn't even down here."

"Oh, he's here all right. There was no chance for his getting away without our knowing it. We had our men about here all the time."

"Your men?" Menger laughed scornfully. "Those greasers; they would only be playthings for Manuel. If—, man! you and your gang couldn't even keep your eyes on 'Prisco'."

"He sure told me one d—n straight story. He seemed to know about all was going on. I'd heard a lot about him, knew he was a friend of yours, and supposed him all right."

"And spilt all you knew—d—n a Mex, anyhow."

"Well, what? He didn't nothing just now. I did run with him a bit, of course, down below the line. But he wasn't invited into this game, and his being with Garity was just an accident. At least I took it that way at first. Now I rather reckon it maybe was all a set-up job. I ain't exactly made up my mind what the guy was up to—just suspected something was going on, and decided to butt in. I reckon, after he got out here, keeping around, there wasn't nothing to do but put him out of the way—especially after he stole my horse."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I told you before. You're so bullheaded nobody can tell you nothing. I never did think that fellow you shot was alone. He was talking to somebody when we crept up—I heard him."

"Talking to himself; you never saw nobody but him."

"No, I didn't; he was up on that rock against the sky, but there might have been somebody else out of sight on the ground. You was in such a d—n hurry to get to Calabazas, you wouldn't do anything else."

"Course, I knew the 'Kid' was alone, and after that tumble he took wouldn't bother me more. We had to get Calabazas' gang out of here before daylight."

"I don't know why. You haven't told me much. Why didn't you let the outfit go out? What did you want to do with the man? Here for, and then send them back?"

(To be continued)

of the fellow came trooping back to his mind in vivid memory—cruel, remorseless, without mercy, hunted like a wild beast, yet ever escaping the tolls, he had left a trail of blood over all that land. Well, he was dead now! Yet how came he to be there? Was this his hiding place? or was the man there for some new crime? If so—what? And Bob Menger? Juan Sanchez? Were they also sharers in his villainy? Could they be members of this band's gang? Was it from here he led his hellhounds over the desert and plain?

The recurrence of these names instantly brought back to Kellen a realization of his own peril. Gomez was dead, killed by his hand. Unwittingly, unknowingly, there in the dark, in desperate combat, he had avenged a hundred murders by the thrust of a knife. But these others—they were still alive; they would surely come. There could be no doubt of that. All that Deborah had told flashed across his mind—her encounter with this same Mexican ruffian—why, she had even described the fellow's long, apple arms, but he never once had thought of Gomez—of her creeping onward along the tunnel; the sudden change in his direction, and her stumbling over a dead body in the dark. He recalled the story of her escape, creeping up that narrow passage, through which she could barely squeeze her slender body; the firing after her from below, and her aimless shot sent in return; then the desperate struggle which ended on the desert above. And what then? Menger, Bob Menger, going straight to that same hole and calling down for Manuel—using his very name.

Well, there was no Manuel now on guard here, but he could not face those other two alone, and they would surely be there by dawn at least. He arose to his feet, still dazed and confused, hardly able to tell directions, but driven by a wild impulse to escape, to get safely out of that silent blackness, that grave, in which he felt smothered and imprisoned. His groping fingers discovered a crevice in the stone, as though the solid rock had been rent asunder, a deep, irregular gash yawning the length of his arm. He even advanced a step into the strange fissure, wondering at its existence, tempted to explore its secret, when they came! He heard them pressing aside the vines and clambering to the top of the rock which helped conceal the entrance. They did this apparently without fear, with no impeding sense of danger, and then dropped to the floor of the tunnel. There were two of them; he could tell that by the sound—Menger and Sanchez. But where, then, was Deborah Meredith?

CHAPTER XV

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(To be continued)

Department of Agriculture estimates increase in July crop for 1923, 28 per cent.



What Was It Over Yonder?

dreary than the upper plain, yet to Deborah and her horse was most welcome.

The latter came down the slanting bank gingerly and made for the nearest water hole, the girl slipping quickly from the saddle and seeking to quench her thirst further upstream.

The water, slightly brackish, but still fairly clear and pure, brought new life, the animal wandering about in its fresh environment, lapping contentedly at the scattered tufts of grass, while Deborah studied her surroundings with awakened interest.

Old Tom Menger, in their rides together, had taught her some of the fundamentals of plainscraft, how to observe this thing and that, when alone in the wilds. Now she applied these lessons expertly, searching for some evidence of that trail which she felt convinced must run up this lonely valley.

Nothing could be better adapted to the purpose of these outlaws than the course of this desolate stream, a mere thread extending through leagues of sand, lying sufficiently below the level to conceal their movements, and yet furnishing water for their stock. Surely they must have left some trail behind.

But if so no trace remained along the western shore. Convinced of this, Deborah, leading her horse, crossed the narrow stream, stepping from rock to rock, and clambering up the level plateau on the other side. Even here little was visible, and she would have overlooked even these signs but for old Tom's training. Evidence was found—the scattered dead ashes of a fire; the mark of a shod horse's hoof, an open sheath knife, the blade not rusted from exposure, and a half-dozen empty cartridge shells. Later, upstream a few rods, she found where a down horse had been tied to a picket post, stamping their hoofs into the soft soil. But beyond this point the soil ceased, and whatever trail there was vanished on a surface of hard rock which left no trace. Nevertheless she mounted once more, and rode on, still with her course to the south.

How terribly exhausted she was, reeling in the saddle from faintness. She ached from head to foot, and she felt strangely dizzy. Twice she dismounted to bathe her face in the running water, but had found it so difficult to climb up into the saddle again she dare not venture a third time. She could only cling tight to the pommel, with eyes closed, and let the horse pick his own way along the out law trail. Her captor could this be her captor? She opened her eyes to look up, the great cliffs towering so high above she could scarcely gain glimpses of a ribbon of blue sky. It was the twilight where she rode, the walls purpled deep, nothing clearly visible a dark mass ahead. She stopped at the dreary foot of the cliffs, the awful silence. If this was her captor, then she had come to the place where there were no others there.

She closed her eyes again, assuming for comfort, for courage, and for the pommel to hold herself upright. Then the horse stopped as though gripped by a hand, and a voice said shortly:

"Here! but it's a woman. Say wake up, sister, and tell us what you mean here."

She stared at him dumbly, a boy in black, his head grazing her bridle rein, a short rifle in the hollow of his other arm, his face featuring a small scar.

"Astrop, was yer? If I of a place ter sleep."

"Are you a soldier?" she asked, struggling with her dizziness. "A cavalryman?"

"Sure—U. S. You're Yank too, ain't yer? That's what bothers me, how if yer was Mex, I'd know what to do."

"What?"

"Just yer on to the Mex? He on the rest of 'em are Yank too."

"Yes, yer, I know," she exclaimed excitedly. "You are here to intercept gun runners across the line. I've been hearing for you all night. He—be to dead—killed."

"Dead? Who's dead?"

"Captain Kellen."

She rested in the saddle, everything black before her. The trooper sprang

CHAPTER XIV

"Alvarez's Lost Mine."

Kellen lay breathless on his back, staring up uncomprehendingly through the tangled branches of a tree. He was bruised, dazed, scarcely certain whether he was dead or alive, yet dimly aware of what had actually occurred. He remembered the spit of flame out of the darkness, the report, the bullet striking him, and the horror of that awful fall, as he grasped madly at the air. And what then? Did he lose consciousness? Did the shock numb his brain? He must have crashed headlong through those tree limbs, his progress stopped and diverted, until, by some fate, his bruised and battered body had been flung here, like a bit of driftwood on the beach.

He extended his arms, and felt about to be sure—yes, he lay there on a shelf of earth, out of which that tree grew; the gnarled trunk was within reach of his hand, and another tree, a smaller one, was at the left. It was so dark there he could see little, yet that fire was still below, and if he should roll off, he would have another shower drop, God knew how far. How badly was he hurt? He dreaded to learn the truth, yet forced himself partially to sit up and examine. There was a hole in the coat, but none in the shirt beneath; the wound was untorn, but painful to the touch and decidedly swollen. The bullet had struck him, but failed to penetrate; had been deflected by some thing—his watch! Surely; he carried it there in his upper coat pocket. His fingers drew the wreck forth, and the bullet dropped into his lap; he picked it up—either it—with a queer feeling of horror, and then placed it in a pocket. The ruins of the watch, smashed beyond repair, he flung away. For the moment he was dazed, what if all meant remained vague and confused.

Kellen began to understand, and his mind to function. He was not killed, not even seriously hurt. He had been almost miraculously saved; but now he must serve himself. He harbored no doubt as to who had shot him, or why. The very manner in which it had been done, out of the concealment of the night, revealed the method of Bob Menger. It was his fashion, his style; the way of a coward who never met his enemies face to face. Yet why should the fellow have held him as an enemy? The only answer Kellen could find to this query was Deborah. There was no other satisfactory explanation. Bob had not previously known the woman had left the ranch; he believed her still there, hidden in his stepmother's room, his helpless victim on his return. Otherwise the man had nothing against Kellen, had no suspicions of him, except possibly a desire that he keep out of this particular affair. That surely was not sufficient to justify an attempt at cold-blooded murder. No, it must be the girl.

And what had become of her? Kellen had no recollection of a second shot, so it was altogether probable she had been spared, and was again a prisoner in the hands of her brutal husband. If so, no greater service could be rendered her than an exposure of Bob Menger's rascality. With the fellow once safely in the hands of the law she would obtain release, and the opportunity of escape if she so desired. And he felt no doubt as to her desire. The man had taken her by force; her earlier dislike had been changed into hatred—and—since then another impelling force might have come into her life. Kellen smiled, sitting up in the darkness, his mind dwelling over the memory of those hours they had passed together. He realized suddenly how much he already cared for her, how deeply her weakness had impressed him; that it would mean if she should turn back to Bob Menger.

The very thought of such a possibility served him to action to forgetfulness of his bruises. He had seen that to the depths of her eyes he would never forget, he would live to recall that moment again. The memory was so important and huge. But where could he turn? Where could he go? He was a man pitted against twenty at least, his only advantage being Menger's belief that he was dead and safely out of the way. He must remain unseen, unobserved, until he learned the truth. His mind grasped the situation swiftly, as he planned his own course of action. There was no reason why Calabazas' outfit should remain in the valley; they had already untraced and stored away out of sight whatever they had to transport. Their whole interest must be to get safely away on the dark trail before daylight. Already the fire had died down into mere embers, and he believed, a part at least of the pack train had departed. After they all had gone only Menger, and his small party could be left behind. How many there might be of those Kellen had no means of knowing, yet it was scarcely probable many were in the secret of what was going on. Menger himself, Sanchez and one or two others perhaps; not enough to prove particularly dangerous, if they did not even suspect his being alive. Tomorrow surely that squad of cavalrymen sent after Bob Menger, they would scout up this way if nothing occurred to detain them. These were their orders, and if they followed the trail, they could scarcely fail to reach this hole in the desert. All he needed to do in the meanwhile was to discover exactly what this gang was up to, and then wait.

To his mind the key of the whole

mystery must lie in that cave tunnel described by Deborah. If he could once probe into its secret the whole strange case would be solved. If any investigation was to be made, it must be attempted now—he would take the chance.

To decide, with Kellen, was to act. This peril of the adventure scarcely occurred to him; his life had long before been insured him to danger. All he sought was opportunity. Slowly, cautiously, keeping well back in the shadow, he lowered his body down the face of the cliff, taking advantage of every irregularity, outcropping rocks giving him foot and handhold, until he finally reached the firm turf below. As he glanced back over his course, marking the high outline of the crest against the lighter sky above, the memory of that awful plunge over the edge left him for an instant sick and nervous. Then he drove the recollection from him with a bitter laugh. What odds! he was alive; he would pay the debt. He could not stand there like a frightened child in the dark. He moved on in the depth of the cliff shadow with eyes searching the gloom and ears listening for any sound.

In that darkness he scarcely realized where he was, yet, when he came to it, experienced no difficulty in recognizing the mound on which he and Deborah had taken breakfast together. He climbed the sloping side cautiously on hands and knees, his revolver drawn and clenched in his nervous fingers. The man was cool now, and ready, advancing steadily through the maze of rocks strewn the surface, until he felt out the slight evidences of a trail. Here was where Deborah must have attempted her retreat, as it skirted the face of the cliff, which bulged out above him. The front was draped with clinging vines, while below he found a tangle of bushes, almost impenetrable. Kellen crept along these, vainly seeking some opening, and, finally, in despair, pressed them aside, crawling noiselessly into the dark covert, seeking that opening in the rock which must be hidden somewhere beyond. His discovery eluded him, and it was not until he ventured to stand on the ledge above the lower barrier of rock, that he really convinced himself of its existence. He stood hesitatingly, his heart thumping from excitement. There was no sound of movement within—only profound silence and impenetrable darkness. Yet surely this could be no strange house, no mere receptacle for stolen goods as he previously had imagined. There was no beaten trail leading to it; no dead, trampled vines, no pathway opening through the shrubs. The secret of the place remained hidden, its shield undisturbed. Whoever came here must have weaved their way as carefully as he had, concealing all evidence of passage, leaving no trail behind.

In spite of the shrinking of his flesh, Kellen began to advance, feeling with his feet, and keeping one hand against the rough side wall. It was a tunnel beyond all doubt, leading at first straight into the cliff, the sides touched and irregular, leaving to the touch of his fingers the ridge marks of a pick. Men had toiled here, not nature, and had plainly left their handiwork. When? How long ago? What had become of them? "Alvarez's Lost Mine!" The words seemed to burn themselves on his mind, and before him arose a vision of the old Spaniard working there alone in the long years ago. Could it be possible? After all this time had he actually discovered that ancient storehouse of which all northern Mexico had dreamed? And what of Alvarez? He had disappeared, men said; died in the heart of the desert; was never to return. Had he met that mysterious death here in this black hole, surrounded by his golden treasure? Did he lie there in loneliness through the long years since? And was he there still on guard over his treasure?

Kellen stopped, holding his breath, conscious of the prehistoric breathing of his face. Was the place haunted? Did Deborah look there maliciously, eager for another victim? He cast aside the thought with a gesture of utter scorn. All usage of the supernatural left him, and in its place came men. What was Menger and his outfit doing here? That was what he must face and learn—what Alvarez died. He went on, cautiously, timidly, the darkness closing behind. How low still it was! Was that a steady movement of there to the left? The man wheeled about, revolver swung up, and stood poised and breathless. Straight into his eyes leaped a blinding burst of flame.

Kellen staggered backward, yet instinctively fired at the black, almost shapeless shadow revealed an instant in the flame. The speeding bullet had missed him a hair's breadth, yet in the second of startled surprise he retained no power of action. He had seen the man crouched against the farther wall, a mere black blot, almost unrecognizable. Then that awful darkness, and silence. With his first return of strength he stepped swiftly to one side, stooping low, and listening for the slightest movement. His heart almost ceased to beat.

He waited a minute, two minutes—it seemed an age—leaning forward, every nerve taut, his very breath suspended, nervous finger on the trigger. G—d! the fellow could not long remain motionless where he was; he would never dare. Unless that chance shot had gone home! The mere suggestion leaping into the brain brought to the hunted man a flash of courage. It might be, due as his mark had been, hurriedly as he had fired, the chance shot might have told, leaving the fellow dead on the rock floor. He had

heard no sound, no groan, no muffled fall, yet men sometimes died silently, instantly—there was a hope, a possibility. He advanced an inch at a time, feeling forward with groping foot, still obsessed by the idea that thus he might encounter an outstretched body on the floor. He had gone a foot, two feet, three; then, suddenly his foot dislodged a pebble, which grated sharply in the intense stillness. Instantly the tunnel flamed again; he felt a sting in his shoulder, the impact driving him flat against the side wall—but he saw his man, and



Firing Once, He Leaped Forward.

was ready. Firing once, he leaped forward, groping for the dim shadow as the darkness closed them in again.

They snayed back and forth, tripping over a pile of debris, crawling against the wall, exerting every ounce of strength, breathing in gasps, but speechless. Kellen lowered his head, thrusting it under his opponent's up-lifted chin, and with one free hand struck with all the power he possessed. As he did so iron arms crushed him—such arms as he had never felt, like bars of steel—and the lunging body of the man seemed to force him irresistibly backward. Inch by inch he had to give, fighting desperately, helplessly, to retain his feet; then suddenly crashed over into the darkness, the other falling full upon him, now gripping with one hand at his exposed throat, the other rumbling at his waist. The knife! the knife! It must be the knife the fellow sought. What came next Kellen never knew. He fought in delirium, in unconsciousness, the very breath crushed out of him, unable to break that strangle hold, or twist his body from underneath. He knew he touched the knife handle; that he reached it first, struggling to retain his grasp beneath the fierce pressure of the other's gripping fingers. In some way he must have turned partly, equipping on one side, so as to jam the fellow's hand between his hip and the hard stone floor. To that instant he had jerked the blade free, and slashed viciously at the huge bulk above him. Again and again he drove in the steel, knowing not where he struck, but feeling a wild exultation as the limbs gripping him relaxed and hot blood spurted on his hand. There was no moan, no outcry, but at last the man rolled over sideways and lay still.

With the instant all strength left Kellen, the knife dropped from his fingers and he reeled motionless, scarcely breathing, his eyes staring up into the dark. He had won; he was not seriously hurt, yet for the moment could not even realize his victory. Yet gradually he knew the truth. He had slashed the knife—had killed the man. Whoever he was he had killed him; he lay there now beside him in the dark—dead. The very horror of it started anew the blood in his veins, that dead man lying there, motionless, becoming cold, with open eyes staring up at the tunnel roof. And he had killed him—killed him with the knife. Yet it had been a fair fight, man to man, and one of them had to die. He could breathe better now, and he sat up, trembling and shuddering back from contact with the dead body. He could not see it, but he knew it was there.

Kellen struck a match, which gave forth at first a dim, spectral light between his trembling fingers, then glowed into a sudden flame. He thrust it forward over the body of the dead man, and stared down at the upturned face. For a moment not a muscle relaxed, his form that of a statue, as his eyes searched those ghastly features. Where had he seen those long, misshapen arms? Dead! Of course he was dead—but who was he? Somewhere in his memory, dim, indistinct, came a recollection which would not become wholly clear. Then the vision came, his lips uttering a startled exclamation.

"By G—d! I know now; it's Manuel Gomez! It's the specimen!"

Manuel Gomez—the murderer, the outlaw, the dread scourge of northern Mexico, that bloodthirsty wretch, whose crimes had made him an object of detestation on both sides of the line for years. Manuel Gomez, the killer of women and children, the destroyer of towns, raiding their houses and murdering the specimen. Kellen never seen him before, but he knew; there could be no other like that, and every story he previously had heard

was ready. Firing once, he leaped forward, groping for the dim shadow as the darkness closed them in again.

They snayed back and forth, tripping over a pile of debris, crawling against the wall, exerting every ounce of strength, breathing in gasps, but speechless. Kellen lowered his head, thrusting it under his opponent's up-lifted chin, and with one free hand struck with all the power he possessed.

As he did so iron arms crushed him—such arms as he had never felt, like bars of steel—and the lunging body of the man seemed to force him irresistibly backward. Inch by inch he had to give, fighting desperately, helplessly, to retain his feet; then suddenly crashed over into the darkness, the other falling full upon him, now gripping with one hand at his exposed throat, the other rumbling at his waist. The knife! the knife! It must be the knife the fellow sought. What came next Kellen never knew. He fought in delirium, in unconsciousness, the very breath crushed out of him, unable to break that strangle hold, or twist his body from underneath. He knew he touched the knife handle; that he reached it first, struggling to retain his grasp beneath the fierce pressure of the other's gripping fingers. In some way he must have turned partly, equipping on one side, so as to jam the fellow's hand between his hip and the hard stone floor. To that instant he had jerked the blade free, and slashed viciously at the huge bulk above him. Again and again he drove in the steel, knowing not where he struck, but feeling a wild exultation as the limbs gripping him relaxed and hot blood spurted on his hand. There was no moan, no outcry, but at last the man rolled over sideways and lay still.

With the instant all strength left Kellen, the knife dropped from his fingers and he reeled motionless, scarcely breathing, his eyes staring up into the dark. He had won; he was not seriously hurt, yet for the moment could not even realize his victory. Yet gradually he knew the truth. He had slashed the knife—had killed the man. Whoever he was he had killed him; he lay there now beside him in the dark—dead. The very horror of it started anew the blood in his veins, that dead man lying there, motionless, becoming cold, with open eyes staring up at the tunnel roof. And he had killed him—killed him with the knife. Yet it had been a fair fight, man to man, and one of them had to die. He could breathe better now, and he sat up, trembling and shuddering back from contact with the dead body. He could not see it, but he knew it was there.

Kellen struck a match, which gave forth at first a dim, spectral light between his trembling fingers, then glowed into a sudden flame. He thrust it forward over the body of the dead man, and stared down at the upturned face. For a moment not a muscle relaxed, his form that of a statue, as his eyes searched those ghastly features. Where had he seen those long, misshapen arms? Dead! Of course he was dead—but who was he? Somewhere in his memory, dim, indistinct, came a recollection which would not become wholly clear. Then the vision came, his lips uttering a startled exclamation.

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WANT COLUMN

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25. One week, 1 cent and each additional week, 1/2 cent.

Parish of St. Mary's,
ST. MARY'S, MAINE,
R. F. D. 1, Bethel, Me.

12-14

FOR SALE—The T. C. Hall house on Main street, Bethel. Home contains 5 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms, both rooms electric lights. Inquire of A. L. Hall, Bethel, Me. or T. C. Hall, Box 422, Bethel, Me. 2-22-14

NOTICE—I am prepared to do long distance hauling of all kinds. C. L. French, Bethel, Me. 2-22-14

FOR SALE—Ford car with special body, in best class condition. C. L. French, Bethel, Me. 2-22-14

FOR SALE—Small farm of twenty-five acres, five to ten miles from Bethel. Inquire of H. W. Hall, Bethel, Me. 2-22-14

FOR SALE—New only, 2nd hand, seven drawer desk, new desk. Inquire of H. W. Hall, Bethel, Me. 2-22-14

FOR SALE—A part of the H. H. Tupper farm, on the easterly side of the road leading up the easterly side of the Anderson's River, in Bethel, Maine, including the farm buildings formerly occupied by said Tupper, now occupied by Harry H. King, and the wood and timber land. Apply to HENRIKSEN & PARK, Bethel, Maine 2-22-14

FOR SALE—Ford Touring Car in good condition. Price very low. Call at office HENRIKSEN & PARK. 2-22-14

FOR SALE—Coal burner, dining table, 2 sewing machines, hanging lamp and table set. All in good condition. W. J. GORDON, Church St., Bethel, Me. 2-22-14

FOR SALE—12 pigs, 8 weeks old at \$10.00 each, and new grading hogs here and there. O. H. GORDON, North Union, Me. 2-22-14

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY D. M. FORBES
BETHEL, MAINE

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1904, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1923

TO OUR READERS

If you desire any extra copies of the Citizen, please let us know when it is sent this Wednesday morning, as we do not get out more than we need for any single subscription.

THE TAX PROBLEM

We have the greatest problem before the American people today in the problem of taxation. It is a problem that is not only a national one, but a local one.

One of the greatest of all our age is the problem of taxation. It is a problem that is not only a national one, but a local one. It is a problem that is not only a national one, but a local one.

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THE J. E. JONES LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

able. His other qualities remain to be discovered.

One thing has been demonstrated conclusively by the outpouring of the people and the profound grief shown as the Forest Train dragged its course across the United States, and that is their loyalty and love of country. Americans have been generally engaged in preparing their minds for the past half dozen years, but in the days that have just passed they have registered their passion for their wonderful Government. Perhaps all these "hicks" have been generated by the single desire to make things better for humanity, but whether that is so or not there need no longer be any apprehension regarding the determination of the people to stand by and support their President. All hands will uphold President Coolidge and help him to succeed. He starts with the Nation's blessing.

RISKS OF THE WHEAT MARKET

A persistent attempt is being made to discredit the one law which gives the Government regulatory powers over grain exchanges. Four months ago wheat sold on the Chicago Board of Trade at \$1.57 a bushel. Later it has dropped below the dollar market. Grain speculators are filling the newspapers with "arguments and proofs" showing how the risks of the wheat market have always been carried by professional traders, who are now refusing to play at the old game for fear of Government interference with their manipulative methods. To give them full credit they make out a plausible case. However the Department of Agriculture is insistent that selling wheat without running gigantic gambling operations will ensure to the permanent benefit of farmers, and the Government is determined to get rid of the "blacklegging" in marketing wheat.

THE MORSE ACQUITTAL

Several months were occupied in the trial of Charles W. Morse and his case for "most frauds." In the end the defendants have been acquitted by a jury that listened to all the evidence. The verdict of not guilty meets with popular and general approval. It appears that the Morse interests rendered as good service to the Government as most large enterprises. The case was prepared for success, and its greatest effect on the country was that it cut the screws very sharp at home. But most persons have done that sort of thing themselves and they regarded the methods of Morse as almost business and necessary to be viewed as dishonest.

Attorney General Daugherty has met with a very bad setback through the acquittal of the Morzes. Their case was prepared as among the "worst" of any frauds. Unless the Department of Justice can do better in other prosecutions, there will likely be but little demand for a strong police laid down by Mr. Daugherty.

COAL STRIKE LOOMS AGAIN

The country faces another coal strike and the United States coal industry is in a most desperate position. The coal industry is in a most desperate position. The coal industry is in a most desperate position.

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ties to adopt the standard building code in order that fire resistive construction may be encouraged.

Also that states adopt building and fire protection requirements for public and private hospitals, schools, asylums and the like, and that an official investigation into the causes of all fires be required.

Perhaps the wisest recommendation of all is that pleading for the education of the children and the public generally to careful habits regarding the use of fire.

WEST PARIS

BANK-BROCK

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brock Pioneer St., Wednesday evening, August 8th, when their only child, Myrtle Madeline, was united in marriage with Earle E. Hane, Rev. H. E. Aldrich officiating. The double ring service was used. The house was prettily decorated with green and white, the young couple standing under a green and white arch with wedding bells. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond E. Clark. The bride was given in white crepe-de-chine with pearl trimmings. Mrs. Hane graduated from W. P. High School, class of 1922, being the valedictorian of her class, since graduation she has taught at South and West Paris. Mr. Hane is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hane of Hamford. He graduated from West Paris High School, class of 1921. Both are members of the Methodist church and are very popular. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties attended the ceremony. Refreshments were served. The young couple are spending their honeymoon at Harry's camp, North Pond, Lake's Mills. On their return they will board for the present with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Carlin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brock were guests Saturday night of E. J. Mann and family at Camp Iytwilde. Sunday they attend camp meeting at Poland.

RADIO AND WORLD ENLIGHTENMENT

"Since Gutenberg devised his rubber wooden type blocks and made printing possible nearly five centuries ago, there has been no single invention so closely touching human interest and human welfare as radio, the latest miracle of the ages," says Jan. H. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America. "His messages are flashed over land and sea with the speed of light; the weary swimmer cannot cut the cables of the wireless, the winter storms cannot weight it down with sleet or summer suns expect it to slacken. Its potentiality includes utility and recreation; it carries the ear with the strains of music, it saves life and property on stormy seas, it annihilates distance and penetrates the solitudes of the farmer as easily as it does the masses of the metropolis. It is the romance and the miracle and the inspiration of the world's splendid progress."

OXFORD COUNTY SCOUTS TO GO ON AUTOMOBILE HIKE

Through Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 Inclusive. Executive Forham in Charge of the White Mountain Hikers

One of the interesting events of the year in Oxford County Scouting is scheduled for the week of August 27th. The automobile hike through Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont promises a wonderful trip both in interest and valuable scouting instruction. Executive Harold C. Forham is in charge of this and plans for a variety of real stuff such as climbing Mt. Washington and visiting the various spots of interest in this Playground of the East. Forest Fire Prevention, First Aid and Practical Out of Doors Scouting will be heavily stressed. Every Scout to "Carry a Match Safe-Safety First!"

All roads lead to Bethel, Maine for the start at 10:30, Monday morning, August 27th. No definite route is given as yet, only that the trip will carry through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and back by the way of the coast. Old Orchard and Portland.

Each troop will provide its own automobile or automobiles for transportation. Hearty cooperation on the part of interested backers of Scouting is making the automobile question an easy proposition. The cost of this trip (including food, gasoline and oil for the car) is set at \$7.50 maximum and may reach as low as \$6.00. The Wild River hike cost \$5.00 per Scout.

Already several carloads of Scouts are guaranteed for this trip. It is expected that at least 10 carloads of Scouts will represent Oxford County on the biggest hike of the year. In spite of the word "auto," every Scout is guaranteed a chance to waste the necessary shoe leather that goes with mountain climbing and travel on foot.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Hobson and daughter, Leah, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell.

Roy Wardwell worked for Roy Lord Monday.

James Flint from Conway, N. H., was at Howard Allen's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Patterson are away on a vacation at Bar Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell and son, Arthur, and Mr. and Mrs. James Kimball were in Norway and South Paris one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Allen are spending a few days at Howard Allen's.

Steel Mills carried Miss Mae Jack to Norway, Monday.

Erna Lebrake and Ernest Grover called at J. A. Kimball's, Sunday.

Mr. Hubbard of Waterford called to see Mrs. Lewis last week, Friday.

Errol Kimball is working on the road at East Waterford.

Mr. Nash, the agent for lightning rods, called at Fred Benner's last week.

REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING

Seven Grades in Rolls

Black, Red and Green

SHINGLES

If you are interested in anything in the Roofing Line, be sure and investigate Prices and Quality

at

"Carver's"

BETHEL, MAINE

COME ON, LET'S GO!

TO THE

Money Saving Sale

AT

NAIMEY'S

EVERYTHING MARKED DOWN

A chance of a lifetime to buy Clothing at Big Savings

M. A. NAIMEY

BETHEL, MAINE

"SIMONIZ"

Have you used any of our new "Auto Polish"? Different than others. It dries hard and weather-proof. No need to wash car after every trip. Once Simoniz is applied your car holds its gloss and newness. It protects your finish in every way.

IT'S A PASTE, NOT LIQUID

Get it. Try it. If not satisfied, bring it back.

TEXACO GAS AND OILS

ROBERTSON & HALL

BETHEL, MAINE

If there is anything you need in the following line of goods give us a call.

Beds, Springs, Mattresses
Chairs, Rockers, Tables

We have a special offer in Iron Cots with Mattress, \$9.00
White Iron Cots with Mattress, 13.00
Bed Springs at 6.00
Couch Hammocks, 10.00 up

Baby Carriages and Strollers at a Reduction

Also Couch Covers, Drapery Curtains, Curtain Rods (Anything in Furniture or Upholstering Supplies that we do not carry, we would gladly order for you). Electric Irons, Bulbs, Stoves and Toasters

Also a good line of Crochery, Plain and Fancy, Kitchen Hardware, Clothes Dryers, Clothes Baskets, Fibre Clothes Hampers, Waste Baskets and Jardiniers, and many other notions.

Let us replace your old Broken Mirrors at Reasonable Prices

YOUNG'S VARIETY STORE

BETHEL, MAINE

A Whale of a Picture

"Down to the Sea in Ships"

IT CONTAINS THE SUPREME THRILL OF PICTURE HISTORY

THERE never has been, there may never be again, a motion picture that for sheer daring overwhelms the spectator in the manner of "Down to the Sea in Ships." Here is Nature at her mightiest in a ship's death, and events well nigh unbelievable in their terror—inspiring results take place apparently within a few feet of the astounded audience.

THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME

See the Battle with a 90-Ton
Bull Whale in Mid-Atlantic

First came the "Birth of a Nation," which astounded all of us. Then the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which startled us. This was followed by "Way Down East," a production that thrilled us. But it remained for "Down to the Sea in Ships" to overwhelm us.

This Picture Will Be Given at

ODEON HALL, BETHEL

Saturday, August 18th

VOLUME XXI

THE J. E. J.

THE TROUB

The coal industry's own "blind leg" and respectable life, and it is a threat to the public as for instance: mining, manufacture and the growing of But in order to come necessary to the machinery of The present United mission has spent gaging the conditions led to upheavals in industry. The first on up by President arrived at the Ex caused a threatened predecessors in office Taft, Wilson and stantly called upon that prevented the ing normal coal supply weeks and months phaser of the problem and editorial writers found it necessary about coal troubles have wondered why "peace" will ever mining industry. T a pacifist campaign the coal fields.

Coal is a great Coal is also the great anee. We bother ah migrants, political "reels," the cotton twelve-hour day, the parasites of society, are comparatively g omission or commiss the piratical method coal industry. The the coal industry has apparently there is of honesty, among th differers. Immed notice on the public dical measures mos help them enforce th Government gets ba succeeds at the elev ing up a tree tha The losses are assa ho. And the public strikes. The next y pens all over again.

"COAL SUPPLY"

On the day that I took up the threaten the official advisers o one of the biggest re Washington made an of new kinds of coa dow, within less tha the White House. T read:

"These coals are mastic use. Supplied amount." Then fol seats over full coal b of mine, high grade b be bought for from \$1 \$12.50 a ton; "limb cile)," \$9 a ton; " \$15 a ton." The prie

Jaw \$9 to a high of \$1 hild fair to compare eggs in Boston subur play "eggs, fresh egg eggs, best eggs, Wes Western eggs, Cape and is all something l varieties. Coal has do cept break into soci

that. In that event w brand for morning, axer door and "Applu Number hours.

"SMOKELINE"

The burning of new porpora outside a few tenths of the heat and ngle characterized thi sly, nearly twenty yea thraw Washington smoke makers in abso

ing the war the flagi named up, and last W clouds of smoke tigni pile into a rival of dr Some of the industr

of war time have appa worth of a dead opac mitted. A case in pe called. In the early V the farmers in Acadia is Washington were ill was no coal to be had.

strated that necessity is mother of invention." A city is resourceful. The buildings were quicky gas-burners of differer al out as much as asking "h thousands of people kept

improved heating devi

(Continued on p